

43. m. 10.
6.40. 3

David and Bersheba.

To a Pleasant New Tune.



When David in Jerusalem
as Royal King did rule and reign,
Behold what happen'd unto him,
that afterwards procur'd his pain :
On the top of all his Palace,
a gallant Prospect there had he,
From whence he might, as pleas'd his Grace,
many a gallant Garden see.
It chanced so upon a Day,
the King went forth to take the Air,
All in the pleasant Month of May,
whereas he spy'd a Lady fair,
Her Beauty was most excellent,
and brighter than the Morning-sun ;
By which the King in continent
was to her Favour quickly won :
She stood within a pleasant Bower
all naked for to wash her there,
Her Body like a Lilly-flower,
was cover'd with her golden Hair :

The King was wounded with her Love,
and what she was he did require ;
He could not his Affections move,
he had in her such great Desire.
She is Uriah's Wife, quoth they,
a Captain of your Princely Train,
That in your Wars is now away,
and she doth all alone remain.
Then said the King, *Bring herto me,*
for with her Love my Heart is slain ;
The Princess of Beauty sure is she,
for whom I do great Grief sustain.
The Servants they do soon prepare
to do the Message of the King ;
And Bersheba, that Lady fair,
unto the Court did quick y bring.
The King rejoiced at her sight,
and won her Love, and laid her by ;
When they in sport had spent that Night,
and that the Sun was risen high ;

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The King his leave most kindly took;
 till that three Months were gone and
 And then again he did return [past,
 with wondrous speed and haste;
 And then in *Bersheba* so fair,
 she found her former Health exil'd,
 By certain Tokens that she saw,
 the King had got'en her with Child:
 Then to the King she made her Moan,
 and told him how the Case did stand;
 The King sent for her Husband home,
 to cloak the matter out of hand.
 When from the Camp *Uriah* came,
 the King receiv'd him courteously,
 Demanding how all things did frame,
 concerning of the Enemy:
Uriah shewed his Highness all
 the Accidents of Warlike Strife;
 Then said the King, *This Night you shall*
keep Company with your own Wife?
 The Ark of God, *Uriah* said,
 with *Judah's* Host and *Israel*
 Keep in the Field, and not a Man
 within the House where they do dwell;
 Then should I take my Ease (quoth he)
 in bed of down with my fair Wife?
 O King, he said, that may not be,
 so long as I enjoy my Life.
 Then did the King a Letter frame,
 to *Joab*, General of the Host,
 And by *Uriah* sent the same,
 but certainly his Life it cost.
 And when the King for certain knew,
Uriah thus had murdered been,
 Fair *Bersheba* to the Court he drew,
 and made of her his Royal Queen.
 Then God that saw this wicked Deed,
 was angry at King *David's* Sin;
 The Prophet *Nathan* then with speed
 came thus complaining unto him:
 O *David*, ponder what I say,
 a great Abuse I shall you tell;
 For thou that rust'st in Equity,
 should see the People ruled well.

Two Men within the City dwell;
 the one is rich, the other poor;
 The rich in Cattle doth excel,
 the other nothing hath in store;
 Saving one little silly Sheep;
 which young he did with Money buy;
 With his own Bread he did it feed,
 amongst his Children tenderly.
 The rich Man had a Stranger came
 unto his House that lov'd him dear,
 The poor Man's Sheep therefore he took;
 and thereof made his Friends good cheer;
 Because that he his own would save,
 he us'd the Man most cruelly.
 Then by the Lord, the King did swear,
 the rich Man for that Fault should dye.
 Thou art the Man, the Prophet said;
 the Princely Crown God gave to thee.
 The Lord's Wife thou thy own hast made;
 and many more of fair Beauty.
 Why hast thou so defiled thy Life;
 and slain *Uriah* with the Sword;
 And taken home his wedded Wife;
 regarding not God's holy Word?
 Therefore behold, thus saith the Lord,
 Great Wars upon thy House shall be;
 Because thou hast my Laws abhor'd,
 much I'll be sure to cast on thee.
 I'll take thy Wives before thy face;
 and give them to thy Neighbour's Use;
 And thou thereby shall reap Disgrace,
 for Man shall laugh at thy Abuse.
 Then *David* cryed out piteously,
 Sore have I sinned against the Lord;
 In Mercy therefore look on me,
 let not my Prayers be abhor'd.
 But as the Prophet told to him,
 so did it after chance indeed,
 For God did greatly plague his Sin,
 as in the Bible you may read.
 The Scourge of Sin thus you may see,
 for Murder and Adultery;
 And grant that we may warned be,
 such crying Sins to shun and flee.